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The New Manhattan *that is* No Longer An Island

IN 1654 Jan Jerrits, with Mrs. Jerrits and the family, arrived from Old Amsterdam, in the city of New Amsterdam. Having been a man of considerable estate in the old town, Mr. Jerrits called upon the Governor of the new one, Mr. Stuyvesant, and presented his respects.

Mr. Jerrits wished to take up some land in the new colony, and desired that it be a little bit away from the crowded districts of the city, where his neighbors would not be too immediate and where there might be room for him to add an acre or two to his farm, each season perhaps. New Amsterdam just then was becoming crowded. Already, under the progressive Governorship of the peppery Stuyvesant, more than three thousand persons lived within the urban limits.

Mr. Jerrits particularly wished to avoid settling down in such a crowded community. Therefore, Governor Stuyvesant suggested to the newcomer from the fatherland that he take his family, and on the first clear day start for a place which the Governor described as the northernmost point of the island. Here was a great open territory, occasionally visited by the Indians, it was true; but almost any brave settler of the Jerrits type expected at least a certain degree of hardship in making his home so far away from the center of population.

Accordingly, the Jerrits family set forth "on the first clear day," and after considerable adventure and one or two worrisome contacts with inquisitive Indians along the road, arrived at a point which now would be described as the shores of the Harlem River. Here Mr. and

Mrs. Jerrits settled down, happy in the broad prospects that seemed to reach out before them, glad to get away from the hurry and flurry of the populous community down at the other end of the island and joyous in their ambition to expand their holdings of land until great fields should reach out from their modest little cottage on every side, holding their promise of landed wealth for the little Jerrits in after years.

That was in 1654. To-day, should one of the descendants of the Jerrits family arrive in "New Amsterdam" from Old Amsterdam and wish to visit the scene of the old Jerrits homestead he would take the subway and arrive in less than twenty minutes. He would find twenty

times the number of persons living within the limits of the holdings of the first Jerrits than used to live in the city of New Amsterdam at the time the first Jerrits arrived.

The new Jerrits would discover, among other things, that the island of which Governor Stuyvesant spoke no longer exists.

Manhattan is an island no longer.

Like the ancient heart of Paris, the little island in the Seine which has expanded into the great Paris of to-day, so the Manhattan island of not so many years ago has expanded into what is to-day the Metropolitan City, embracing a ring of counties, a score of

smaller cities, and a territory which might indeed be a kingdom in itself.

The East River and the North River no longer are boundaries to a community. Instead, they are streams running through the midst of a great broad city. The two thousand inhabitants of Old Amsterdam have become nine millions. Those original two thousand lived in three hundred houses. To-day, in the metropolitan district of New York there are more than two million separate homes. There is hardly one of these

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